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THE WIFE OF THE PALATINATE.

MANY will remember a very affecting instance of conjugal devotion which was detailed in the newspapers of 1855. The heroine was the wife of a poor man, who, having been dismissed from the Newcastle Infirmary in cureless agony from chronic rheumatism, longed eagerly to get back to his native village. The only means of conveyance, however, he could afford—the common carrier's cart—was not to be thought of: it would have tortured him to death; and the devoted wife took her husband on her back, and carried him, over rugged country roads, full fifty miles.

This goes quite beyond the spasmodic strainings of romance; yet it is far outstripped by another instance of the heroism of conjugal love, equally well authenticated, although it occurred two centuries ago.

In the year 1621, at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the rich province of the Rhinepfaltz, or Palatinate, was overrun by Spanish troops, who with lawless licence plundered and destroyed wherever they came. The princely abbacy of Hirt, about two miles from Germersheim, on the Rhine, was one of the most desirable spots in the whole province, and its wide-spreading domain afforded occupation to a numerous staff of stewards, bailiffs, herds, ploughmen, and foresters. Twice a year the Pfaltzgraf, or Count Palatine, held court at Hirt, whither he repaired with his princess—Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England—to enjoy deer-stalking in summer, and to hunt wild boars in winter. On St Peter's day each year, his head-steward or bailiff, a gentleman named Christopher Theim, rendered to the pfaltzgraf a statement of his accounts, which shewed a yearly return of many thousand rix-dollars. Herr Theim was married to an amiable lady, named Catharina Herpin, and was a man of considerable wealth and property, possessing several estates at Neustadt, Wachenheim, Rockenhausen, and Hachdorff, besides houses and money. All the estates belonging to Herr Theim had embraced the Protestant faith, and consequently they, as well as the secularised abbacy of Hirt, did not fail to attract the rapacious eyes of the Spaniards, who ruthlessly claimed and seized whatever seemed desirable. They broke open cabinets and coffers, feasted on luxurious dainties and rich wines, and, within a very few days, had rifled the whole place. To these outrages the steward opposed what resistance he could, endeavouring, as in duty bound, to protect to the utmost of his power the property under his care. This interference being regarded by the lawless soldiery as a presumptuous infringement of their rights, they seized the bailiff, and forced him to swallow a liquid

poured from a silver cup, which immediately paralysed his whole body. His muscular and robust frame became powerless; his sinews contracted so that he could not move a limb; he could not even stand without assistance, and his digestive organs became impaired.

Catharina Herpin, his wife, viewed his helpless state with dismay; but, apprehensive that something worse might befall, she determined to fly from the scene of danger. Secrecy was necessary to insure safety; the use of a carriage could not be obtained; and to add to her difficulty, she had two young daughters whom it was expedient to take with her. In these trying circumstances, Catharina resolved to depend solely on herself. She fastened her husband's powerless arms round her neck, and, with a little girl at each side, she hastened onwards towards the Rhine. A sympathising fisherman ferried her across the river, and on the opposite bank she entered the recesses of a forest, where she remained three days. At the end of that period, hunger compelled her to proceed, and with increased burdens and diminished strength, she slowly advanced by stages along the road. First carrying her helpless husband, in the same manner as before, some distance in advance, she set him down in an easy posture on a grassy bank by the wayside, and returned to bring her children. With one of these in her arms, and dragging the other wearily by her side, she traversed the same ground for the third time, till she reached the spot where she had left her husband; then changing her load, she advanced in the same painful manner another stage, and so continued till in a few days she arrived with her triple charge at the town of Rheinzabern, to the astonishment of the admiring populace. The sufferings and privations of the journey proved too much for the young girls: their piteous cries for food while on the road had been incessant, and had pierced their mother's heart with anguish; but a sharper thrust was in reserve for this courageous woman. Though received with kindness by the inhabitants, and provided with shelter and food, the children survived only two days, and then died in the arms of their mother. Public admiration having been excited, an allowance was granted to the family, which proved a valuable assistance; but the paralysis of Herr Theim's whole frame continued unalleviated. Every effort made to subdue it proved fruitless; and the only method by which nourishment could be administered to him, was to introduce it into his stomach through a quill.

The only effect that increasing trouble had on Catharina was to elevate her courage and intensify her devotion to her husband. Though unaccustomed

to bear the gaze of curiosity or the drudgery of burden, she overcame her natural repugnance to these, and determined to pursue her journey to Strasbourg, in the hope of enjoying better medical advice. She accordingly set out, with her helpless husband fastened on her back, and made her way—a distance of ten German, or forty-five English miles—to Strasbourg. On her arrival in that city, her case met with the same kind consideration and help as formerly; and her husband enjoyed the gratuitous advice of an eminent physician, who enjoyed a salary from the town. This doctor, after careful examination, pronounced the recovery of the invalid to be hopeless, unless he could be conveyed to the Swiss baths at Baden on the Aar. Nothing daunted by the length and difficulty of the route, this indefatigable woman at once determined to undertake the journey, and having again saddled herself, with her precious burden, she started on her wearisome pilgrimage. At each town through which she passed, she seems to have sought out some medical man, from whose advice she hoped to gain some useful or consolatory hint; and even in the face of bitter discouragement from some of these, she persevered. At Neuburg, thirty miles from Strasbourg, she consulted Dr John Melscher; and at Ensighheim, eighteen miles further on, she consulted the town doctor, both of whom affirmed that her husband's life would not last a week; but her hope was proof against despair; and with indomitable perseverance, she pressed on her way.

The old chronicle from which these particulars are drawn, enters minutely into the details of her progress. At Russach, ten miles further than Ensighheim, the household physician of the archbishop of Strasbourg again held out hopes of ultimate recovery, and confirmed the advice on which she had resolved to act, by pointing to the Swiss baths as the most likely means of improvement. At Gebweiler, ten miles further along the Rhine, an old physician was consulted, who also spoke favourably of the baths, but gave it as his opinion that, if they failed to effect a cure, sudden and speedy death would probably result. The next stage of Catharina's progress was across the river forty miles, to Freiburg, where she consulted the famous Dr Fedderer, and placed her husband under his treatment for eight weeks, but without any perceptible improvement. For eighteen weeks now, Herr Theim had been unable to receive any nourishment, except a little wine or soup introduced into his stomach through a quill, and nothing had been found which could afford him any relief. Before leaving Freiburg, however, a slight improvement was effected by means of a desperate kill-or-cure remedy, suggested by a brother-in-law of Dr Fedderer. But it was too slight to alter Catharina's resolution to carry her husband to the Swiss baths. Still forty miles further on, at Rheinfelden, she consulted two eminent practitioners, and was gratified to find, even on the borders of Switzerland, that the baths of that country were thought likely to be beneficial. With elated hopes, she persevered, and soon bore her beloved burden into Baden. Here she immediately began to apply the remedy she had come so far to seek; and for eleven weeks she carried her husband daily from their lodging down to the baths, and back again. The spectacle of a woman thus devotedly nursing her husband, and the report that she had in this manner carried him from the Palatinate, surrounded her with a halo of interest in the eyes of the inhabitants, many of whom paid her visits; and a few of the richer or more generous sent her presents, which she faithfully applied to help her husband's recovery. By slow degrees, he began to amend. In the course of a few weeks, he was so far improved that he could be fed with pap and other spoon-nourishment—the necessary diet being kindly supplied by the Princess of Furstenburg and another sympathising lady, both of whom frequented

the baths at the time. The next step in his improvement was the acquisition of sufficient strength to stand without support; but every attempt to walk without assistance, even with the aid of crutches, proved futile, as the want of muscular power in his hands prevented him closing them so as to hold anything. His body, however, continued to appear little more than a skeleton; and when in the bath, he floated on the water, as the old chronicler relates, like a piece of cork.

The expenses of their long journey, medical fees, medicines, and their living at the baths, soon exhausted what little money Catharina had scraped together from the bounty of friends or saved from the plunder of their property, and she was at length compelled to leave Baden. Allured by the fame of a Jewish doctor at Stanz, a town seventy miles distant, she bent her steps thither. On reaching the town, this physician, having his attention drawn to her, became interested in her case, and promised her relief for her husband. The prescription he gave her, and the manner in which it was acted upon, afford a striking illustration of the progress of the medical art in the seventeenth century, and the superstition which attached to it among the people. The doctor directed her to take a calf, and having cut its throat, to preserve the *middle blood*. This, mixed with vinegar and salt to a consistency, she was to use as a liniment, and rub her husband's limbs with it daily for four weeks. He also gave her a small bag, containing a slip of paper inscribed with Hebrew characters, which the patient was to wear for a time round his neck. The good woman, fearing that the use of the first of these remedies might prove hurtful in some way to her faith as a Christian, resolved not to try it; but she carefully suspended the amulet from her husband's neck, and kept it there. Though, as the old record says, 'she in her simplicity rejected the most natural remedy to take the improbable one,' yet, probably, from the influence of former means, her husband in fourteen days had made some progress in his recovery.

From Stanz, Catharina continued her journey onwards to Rupperschwill. In order to reach this town, she had to climb two high mountains, named respectively the Sattel and Etzel mountains; and while passing the latter of these, an accident of an extremely dangerous character befell her. It was a long day's journey; and in order to reach Rupperschwill before nightfall, she started with her burden at five o'clock in the morning, and travelled almost the whole day without rest or refreshment. As she was descending the opposite side, she was seized with a fainting-fit at one of the steepest parts of the road, and falling, she rolled a considerable distance down the slope with her husband, sometimes uppermost and sometimes below her. She contrived at length to steady herself by grasping some bushes; and in this position she remained, till a good Samaritan, who was passing, came to her assistance, after having invoked the Holy Mother and Saint Anna. He first relieved Catharina from the danger of choking, by cutting the bands that fastened her husband's arms round her neck, and he then removed the patient to a more secure spot at a little distance, where he laid him in an easy posture to wait till his wife should be able to resume the journey. After a brief rest, she again took up her burden, and late at night arrived at the long narrow bridge, which all tourists must know who have visited the charming scenery of the neighbourhood; and reeling as she was from fatigue and exhaustion, she passed along its whole length—full two miles—without accident, though undefended by parapet or rail.

From Rupperschwill, the journey was continued through Herisan, the capital of Appenzel, to Constance, where medical advice and a curiously compounded bath effected no further improvement in Herr Theim's health. From Constance, the banded pair bent

their steps towards Bavaria, through Ravensburg and Meningen—a route which, even at the present day, with all the appliances of modern travel, is wild and dreary enough. The object of their visit to Bavaria seems to have been to claim payment of a bond for 700 gulden (about £60), which a former duke of that country had granted in happier days to Theim's father. They found the representative of the debtor—Duke Maximilian, of Pfaltz Neuburg—at his residence Neuburg, on the Danube; and on presenting their demand, they were coolly told that the duke had not at that time sufficient money at his command, as he was engaged in building a convent for a company of Jesuits; but when that was finished, if he had enough left, he would then liquidate the bond. It is to be hoped, for the credit of humanity, that the princely debtor, when he gave this reply, knew nothing of the devotion of the woman whom he spurned; but the contrary seems probable, for the inhabitants of the ducal manor, on hearing that the pilgrim pair were sufferers for their Protestant faith, refused them even the common rites of hospitality.

At Augsburg, a Protestant town, sixty miles from Neuburg, a medical man of great celebrity again advised the baths at Baden, from which the first decided benefit had been derived, as likely to facilitate complete recovery; and, accordingly, the indefatigable Catharina turned to retrace her long painful journey through Suabia and Switzerland. On her way, after traversing about 140 miles, she consulted the headman or executioner of St Gall—a functionary both trusted and dreaded for his sympathetic cures—probably in the expectation of receiving some amulet or charm. He, however, prescribed bleeding; but as she regarded this as too severe a process in her husband's weak state, she declined to permit it. After a rest of three weeks, she pursued her toilsome way, over similar mountains to those which had formerly cost her so much trouble, to Zurich. At Schaffhausen, about thirty miles further, where there was a Protestant community, every house was gladly opened to receive and shelter a martyr to the faith. Cheered, and perhaps materially assisted, they pursued their way to Berne, and thence to the healing springs of Baden. Here at length, after a renewed course of bathing, the long-tried Theim found relief from his sufferings, and his affectionate wife enjoyed the reward of her toil in seeing her husband so far recovered that, with the support of a staff, he could walk alone.

Having recovered so far, he seems to have been unwilling to remain longer a burden on the charity of his Protestant friends, and therefore determined to seek out the pfaltzgraf, his master, in whose service he had suffered so much. The prince was living at this time at the Hague, in a state of dependence on the States-general of Holland; and accordingly the route of the affectionate couple lay through the entire breadth of Germany along the Rhine to Cologne, the whole of which distance they travelled on foot. From Cologne, they took a boat to Utrecht, whence the distance to the Hague was short. The result of their application to the pfaltzgraf is not stated: probably his allowance was barely enough for his own wants. At all events, we find our unfortunate pair shortly afterwards again travelling southwards. They had got as far as the fortress of Wesel, when, from some defect in their passports, they were turned back, and retired to Amsterdam. Here, under the best medical treatment, a complete cure was effected; and here, accordingly, the chronicler concludes his narrative. Some idea may be formed of the devotion and endurance of this courageous woman when it is stated, that she carried her husband on her back 172 German, or about 800 English miles, over hill and dale, across rivers, and through manifold dangers, and that their pilgrimages occupied a term of about three years, animated by

the one hope that his health might be restored. We do not know whether there is another instance of self-sacrifice and patient, untiring devotion on record that can compare with this; and we may add, that the history of their wanderings is said to be vouched by trustworthy evidence, and that the fact of their residence in Amsterdam in 1624 is clearly ascertained. At the peace of 1648, the pfaltzgraf was reinstated in his dominions, but we know not whether his faithful steward, with his tried spouse, ever returned to receive again his post and his property.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

WHILE in the slaveholding states, the free coloured people are subject to great injustice from the laws directly framed to oppress them, in the free states generally they have been persecuted by a cruel prejudice, that has not always allowed them to remain secure in life and limb. Their political and civil privileges differ in different states. The statute-books of Indiana and Illinois, both free states, are disgraced by a series of what are termed 'Black Laws;' the effect of which is to deprive the coloured man not only of all political privileges, but even to render his oath invalid. The state of Ohio has repealed her black laws only within the last few years, after a long agitation on the subject. Yet, the laws respecting the qualification of voters are not clearly defined, and, as a consequence, in the northern part of the state, where a strong anti-slavery feeling prevails, free men of colour are permitted to vote; but in the southern districts that border on the slave state of Kentucky, the reverse is the rule. In Iowa, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, whilst they are not personally oppressed by legislation, they are excluded from all political privileges. In the state of New York, they are entitled to vote at elections, provided they are possessed of real estate to the value of 250 dollars. Gerrit Smith, a well-known philanthropist and reformer, about six years ago, created in this state nearly one thousand voters of this class, by endowing them with property for the necessary qualification from his vast landed possessions. In all the New-England States, Connecticut excepted, the votes of free coloured persons are received on equal terms with those of the whites; and in Massachusetts, they are eligible to the highest offices in the gift of the commonwealth.

Nothing is more common in the northern states than to hear the free people of colour spoken of disparagingly, if not as a nuisance which the country would be gladly rid of. As is well known, the plan of expatriation was proposed, and has been partly carried out by the American Colonisation Society, the well-conducted settlement of Liberia on the coast of Africa being the result. The remarkable prosperity of that free republic, which is susceptible of immense increase, indicates, if nothing else did, that the world has laboured under some mistake about the mental qualities of negroes and mulattoes; and, on this account, the plantation of Liberia, apart from all considerations as to the motives of its projectors, must, I think, be accepted as a great fact—a fact in favour of negro improvability. But it is not necessary to go to Liberia in vindication of the character of this abused branch of the human race. That the progenitors of the present free coloured population of the northern states were degraded and ignorant, none will deny; but to say that their descendants, now in the third and fourth generation, are deserving of the same reputation, would be unjust and untrue. Should we grant that they are generally degraded, which we by no means admit, can those who are inclined to disparage and revile them, point to what has been

done towards their enlightenment and elevation? Far from assisting them on the road to honour and preferment, they have left no means untried to crush in them every noble aspiration, and to keep the whole population of every shade of black in a despicably mean position—exiled from all communion in joy, hope, sorrow.

The force and prevalence of this prejudice can scarcely be imagined by any one out of America. That the colour of a man's skin, without the slightest reference to his moral qualities, or even to his wealth, should determine his social or political position, savours of the ridiculous to Europeans. Yet such is the case in the United States. Nay more, even when all trace of the negro is lost by intermixture, and he no longer presents any distinction in features, the knowledge that he is of African ancestry, is sufficient to place him in the proscribed list; he is consigned beyond the possibility of extrication to the difficult position sustained by the free coloured people of the northern states.

The sufferings endured by this class, from 1835 to 1842, were of a shocking kind. It was no unusual occurrence for an inoffensive man of colour, particularly if he was decently dressed, to be publicly assaulted by white persons, for no cause whatever; and if his outcries attracted attention, no notice was taken when they were understood to come from 'only a nigger.' With the exception of a few abolitionists, the free coloured people had no friend; the evils of the agitation of the slave question at that period being unscrupulously visited on them. In scarcely any of the large cities of the North did they escape violence. Riots of the most frightful nature occurred in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Cincinnati. The dwellings of the coloured people were burned down, their furniture destroyed, and their lives were taken by the miscreants who were permitted to give unchecked rein to their hateful passions. In some instances, their churches were razed to the ground, as if it had been a crime for this unfortunate race to form part of a Christian community.

This storm of persecution having passed over, the free coloured population in the northern states gradually improved in public opinion. In some quarters, and among certain classes of whites, prejudice is as strong as ever; but on the whole, it has been greatly softened—a circumstance attributable not less to the general progress of enlightened sentiment, than to the feelings of compassion excited by the picturesque and affecting incidents in the lifelike narrations of Mrs. Stowe. Yet, except in Massachusetts, these feelings do not go the length of doing complete justice to the people of colour. Though subject to a general school-rate, their children are not admitted to the higher kind of academies; the mere elements of education, at district coloured schools, being their full allowance. In the Sabbath schools, the same division is observable. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church at Philadelphia has under its patronage and care a black as well as a white Sabbath school, in separate establishments. Once in each year, the children of both schools are brought into the church, that their progress may be ascertained. The white lambs of the flock are placed beside the pastor under the shadow of the pulpit, whilst the black sheep are stuck up in an obscure part of the organ loft. The whites are usually catechised in presence of the congregation, and the blacks are kindly permitted to sing a doxology while the congregation are dispersing.

The common practice of excluding coloured people from all but certain inferior classes of seats in the churches, is well known; and to such an extent has this been carried, that in most large towns they have established and support churches for themselves. In passing along the streets of New York on Sunday, you

see churches pouring out none but whites, and others none but people of various shades of colour, just as if there were a white and black Gospel. Only a few years ago, in one of the Presbyterian churches of New York, there were pews in the gallery marked B. M., signifying Black Members. An English clergyman on a visit to the States, who had heard of these proscribed seats, took an opportunity of testifying against such unchristian arrangements, by taking his family to this church, and seating himself in the midst of the B. M.s, to the astonishment and chagrin of the reverend gentleman who officiated, and the horror and disgust of the deacons, who were greatly scandalised by the stranger's want of self-respect. This quiet method of reproving the congregation of this church had the desired effect, and the B. M.s have since been removed. Negro pews are not now so fashionable as formerly; yet a coloured man would have to stand a long time in a genteel New York church before he would be offered a seat.

C. K. Whipple, in his able tract, entitled *Relations of Anti-slavery to Religion*, relates the following incident: 'In the year 1830, a coloured man bought and paid for a pew in Park Street Church, then and since the head-quarters of "orthodoxy" in Boston. He occupied it, with his family, a Sunday forenoon; but on returning in the afternoon, a constable, employed by the church committee, forcibly prevented his entrance; the Prudential Committee wrote him a prohibitory letter; and the church, in a church-meeting called thereafter for the express purpose, voted that he should not be allowed to occupy his own pew. They then proceeded to discuss, in five or six meetings following, each opened and closed with prayer, the most convenient and effective way of excluding the whole coloured race from equal participation in their worship. Finally, at the suggestion of one who bore, while he lived, the very highest reputation for piety in that church, a new pew-deed was framed, containing a provision enabling them to effect their purpose, and the pews of the church are still held under that deed. It has been so perfectly obvious that any similar attempt would meet the like result, that the trial has never been repeated in Boston. A Baptist church, however (Rev. Baron Stow's, in Rowe Street), has guarded itself against such attempts, by inserting in its pew-deeds the restriction that the pews shall be sold only to "respectable white persons." Whoever of that congregation is not a saint, can at least claim the credit of being a respectable white sinner.'

Notwithstanding these and all other indignities, it is an undoubted fact, that the free people of colour persevere in improving their circumstances, and in seizing on every possible advantage in the way of education. Still excluded from the colleges in New York or Philadelphia, coloured young men are admitted as a favour to some of the other northern colleges and higher order of academies on a footing of equality with whites. The consequence of this irrepressible desire for instruction is observable in the rise of coloured men in northern society; there being now in Boston coloured lawyers practising at the bar, coloured physicians, lecturers, and manufacturers. A prejudice, however, long outlives its expulsion from the minds of the more intelligent classes, of which we have till this day a lamentable example in the treatment of Jews in England. Educated, refined in sentiment, wealthy, admitted to the highest society, Jews are still excluded by technical forms from the House of Commons; and, time after time, the city of London returns a gentleman to parliament who is not allowed to take his seat, unless he make a declaration of a religious nature in violation of his conscience. So does prejudice operate in America. All are not to be blamed, because the free people of colour are subject to vulgar persecution. The prejudice against them

has not yet vanished from the minds of every variety of the 'snob' genus. By white workmen, who fear rivalry and contamination; by conceited parvenus, who dread a lowering of their dignity; by a miscellaneous body of hotel-keepers, railway-car conductors, managers of theatres, deacons of churches, and others who are alarmed for offending 'customers,' the repugnance to associate with, or to give house or seat room to coloured people, is still daily manifested. Public feeling on the subject seems to be in a transition state. A coloured person, in travelling, will sometimes be treated well, sometimes ill; sometimes insulted, sometimes passed over with indifference. The administration even of the law is modified by the feelings of its administrators.

Not long since, a coloured gentleman, a dealer in real estate, was compelled to ride in one of the negro-cars, although at the time he held stock in the company to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The ejection of a coloured lady and her infant from the cars in Massachusetts, created so much sympathy as to cause the passage of a law in that state, imposing a fine of six thousand dollars on any railway company or individual guilty of this offence in future. In the city of New York, suits have at various times been instituted against the proprietors of omnibuses and street railway-cars for the forcible ejection of coloured people. In one instance, judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff, and damages awarded to the amount of 250 dollars. But there is no dependence on these decisions. The case of the Rev. J. W. Pennington, a coloured preacher in New York, a most respectable and amiable person, who was well received in Europe, and holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Heidelberg, deserves particular attention. Recently, he was expelled from a railway-car belonging to the Sixth Avenue Railway Company, and forthwith brought an action before the superior court of New York. Below, we give some notes of the proceedings in this curious affair, from the pages of the *European*, an independent New York newspaper.* It will be seen that the judge uttered some strange sentiments, and that the jury decided against Dr Pennington.

Mrs Webb, a coloured lady, apparently a quadroon, from the United States, has lately visited England on

an elocutionary tour. Accomplished in manners, well educated, and every way acceptable as a guest in the houses of people of distinction, this lady has become well known for her elegant readings of the works of popular writers. It gives one a curious idea of American notions on colour, to know that this ladylike person has been subject to indignities in different parts of the states, for no other reason than that she is not a pure white. She has mentioned to us, that in travelling through Pennsylvania, she was refused access to a railway-car, although she had purchased the appropriate ticket. On presenting herself for admission, the conductor put his arm across the door, to debar her entrance, and could not be induced to admit her. With much spirit, she stooped suddenly below his arm, and gaining an entrance, she pushed his arm down, to enable her husband to follow her into the car, where both received the congratulations of the passengers. The conductor was enraged, but, from the aspect of affairs, did not dare to expel them.

About a year ago, on visiting Boston, Mrs Webb went by recommendation to the Marlboro Hotel in that city. The Marlboro is known as 'the pious hotel.' It is an establishment celebrated for its religious usages—public prayers every morning, and a grace at every meal to which the guests assemble. Well, here, surely, she was safe? Quite the reverse. Mrs Webb was not allowed to attend prayers, nor to take her meals at the public tables, but compelled to remain in her own apartment. This was not all. The landlord had the meanness to charge the usual additional price for private meals, although remonstrated with, and shewn that her exclusion from the public rooms was his own act. Much to the credit of the press of Massachusetts, this abominable treatment was strongly condemned; and we can fancy that by the drilling on the occasion, the Marlboro's sense of religious consistency must have undergone some improvement.

In Massachusetts and some other free states, coloured persons are legally recognised as American citizens; but this is only a local advantage. As formerly mentioned, the federal government does not allow that they belong to the category of citizens. They are tolerated, and have a kind of protection; that is all. They will be given a pass, but not a passport. They are all of them 'niggers,' not Americans; and a few years ago it was no uncommon thing to hear an Irish or German immigrant, who had not been six months in the States, talk of sending the niggers out of the country, back to Africa, to which they belonged.

In the refusal of citizenship, the supreme government has forgotten the public services of the coloured race in the trying times of American history, when the clouds of adversity were most threatening. Answering to the call, blacks of every shade stood side by side with the whites in the revolutionary war. The first blood shed in the cause of American independence was that of Christopher Attucks, a mulatto, who was shot by British troops in the streets of Boston. In the swamps of the Carolinas, under the banners of Sumpter and Marion—with Lafayette at Yorktown, and with Washington at Valley Forge and Trenton—wherever the flag of the struggling Americans was unfurled, there might be found the negro cheerfully fighting for the national cause, for that liberty in which his descendants are denied to participate. Hundreds of coloured men, who are to-day deprived of all political privileges in the United States, can remember the scars displayed by their grandfathers—scars received in defence of a country which has not only bestowed on their children obloquy and the hardest bondage, but denies their right to call themselves Americans.

To resume a former comparison, the free coloured people inhabiting the United States have, like the down-trodden Hebrew race in England and other parts

* The counsel for the defendants contended that they were not bound to carry coloured people in all their cars. He referred to the constitution of the United States, to shew that there was a line of demarcation between the two races, and asked the jury if a coloured man would be permitted to sit at the public table of the St Nicholas, or any of our principal hotels. He also stated that the number of cars provided by the defendants for the coloured people was larger in proportion to the population than the number for white people. Judge Slosson, in charging the jury, spoke of this as a peculiarly difficult case; the chief point for consideration being, whether the business and interests of the company would suffer, from allowing blacks an equality as passengers with whites. The jury, after two hours' deliberation, found a verdict for the defendants. The *European* quotes the following opinion from the New York Herald: 'Upon this point our northern people are remarkably squeamish, while we know that all over the South it is quite a common thing to see master and mistress and slave, whites and blacks, occupying the same stage or car, without any symptom of a turned-up nose on account of the presence of Pomp or Dinah.' The *European* adds the remark: 'If no legal distinctions were made in the free states between white and coloured men, the prejudice against the latter would soon disappear (it has no existence in Europe), and they would be allowed by the whites to work along with them, learn trades, and become lawyers and physicians. They are now a persecuted race—reviled, too, on account of the direct and inevitable consequences of the bad treatment to which they are subjected. When sick, they must be doctored, if at all, by a white physician; when their property, their lives, liberties, or reputations are imperilled by judicial procedures, if they have any counsel at all, he must be a white man—for no coloured man is, in this city, allowed to become a physician or a lawyer. It is different, however, in Massachusetts. This brutal prejudice, which exists in no other country, is encouraged by the slave-owners for their own purposes. The enforced degradation of the coloured man of the North is used as an argument for keeping up slavery in the South.'

of Europe, thriven under adversity. As the Jews, by being excluded from the enjoyment of common political privileges, bestowed their whole energies on certain branches of trade, and thus accumulated immense wealth, so have the free coloured races—negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, and so forth—betaken themselves to such industrial courses as were left open to them, and in many instances with the most favourable results. Though contemned or neglected, they form among themselves social circles of no mean quality. They dress as well as their white compeers; and in point of manners there is nothing, as a general rule, to find fault with. At all events, we can testify that the more aspiring among them who have visited Great Britain, do no discredit to the land of their nativity, and are treated in every respect as if they could boast of a purely Anglo-Saxon origin. W. C.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

Of all the minor European states, there is scarcely one that is more interesting to the observer than the kingdom of Belgium. Small as it is, it has, from the character of its people, acquired a respectability that is sadly wanting to other powers of greater political weight. In this little land, we see among the people a most enviable degree of material prosperity, while, at the same time, it enjoys an amount of liberty in its government that, except in our own country, is hardly to be found elsewhere in Europe. Nor is Belgium less interesting from its past history than from its present condition and prospects. Many of our readers have probably spent some little time in its old towns, and they cannot but remember the quaint buildings, the strange costumes, and curious usages they observed. Turn where the visitor will, he finds some object which at once carries back his mind some centuries, and compels him to think of the days when the merchants of Flanders were a power in Northern Europe, and the various guilds met and opposed, often successfully, the mailed chivalry of France. As he walks along, too, he sees inscriptions and hears words uttered in what appears to be a rude uncultivated *patois*, wanting alike the elegance of the French, and the masculine vigour of the German. Such a jargon, he perhaps thinks, cannot fairly be considered a language, and, to some extent, he is right. Until within the last few years, Flemish was in the position of a mere *patois*. Unlike its kindred Dutch, which has long boasted a respectable, though little-known literature, it was utterly uncultivated, and the only books printed in it were some few prayer-books, and those collections of tales, songs, and ballads which form the delight of the ruder part of every community. The educated classes spoke and thought in French, and Flemish was left to the smaller shopkeepers and to the peasantry. Something like a revolution has, however, begun. Some men of education have taken the despised dialect under their patronage, and now a Flemish movement is progressing in Belgium, one of the chief objects of which is the cultivation of what is the language of the great mass of the people of the country. We may perhaps be inclined to doubt how far it is expedient to attempt to give life and vigour to a language which is spoken by so small a part of the population of Europe, and which must ever, while it exists, form a barrier isolating the Flemings from their neighbours. Be this as it may, however, the movement is going on, and it is a strange fact that, when upon a recent occasion of national rejoicing in Belgium, prizes were offered for the best poems in French and Flemish, out of the innumerable compositions which were submitted to the judges, not one of those written in French could be considered as possessing even the moderate degree of merit which we presume is required upon occasions of the kind, while, on the other hand, several of the

Flemish compositions appeared to be deserving of honourable mention.

Among the promoters of this Flemish movement, Hendrik Conscience is certainly the best known, if not the only one at all known in England. Several of his novels and tales have been translated into our language, and have acquired a well-merited popularity. Who has not been delighted with the *Recruit* and with *Blind Rosa*? Which of our readers has not sympathised with the mental sufferings of the *Poor Nobleman*? We have all read *Vefa* and the *Miser*, and wondered over the strange tale of *Abulfaragus*; and the refrain of *Rikketiketak* is as familiar to our ears as any of the nursery-songs of our childhood.

Much of the popularity which has attended these tales is doubtless owing to the vividness of the descriptions of everyday Flemish life we find in them, and to the general truth of their colouring. We do not think our author can be looked upon as happy in his attempts at the regular historical romance; and the chief reason for the discrepancy between this and his less ambitious sketches is to be found in the fact, that in the one class of writings he has had nothing to guide him but his imagination and the lifeless records of old times, while for the other he has found a never-failing mine in his own experience. His life has been an eventful one; circumstances have driven him to mix with every class of his fellow-countrymen, from the highest to the humblest, and at times he seems to have been reduced to straits that remind us of what we read of in the literary history of England during the last century.

Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp in 1812. His father had served in the French marine at one time as a midshipman, and later as an *employé* in the docks at Antwerp. On the break-up of the first French empire, he settled in that city as a merchant. Our author's mother died before he had reached his seventh year; and thus from that period young Hendrik was chiefly left to himself, little, if at all, controlled by the authority of his surviving parent. Fortunately for him, part of his father's business consisted in the purchase of old books and papers; and thus the boy found the means of acquiring some knowledge. He read everything that came across him, and apparently the mass of books he thus indiscriminately devoured produced no evil effect upon his mind. Some years after his wife's death, the father, who seems to have been a man of a somewhat eccentric turn of mind, left Antwerp, bought some land in its neighbourhood, and built a sort of hermitage. There, while their father was attending to his business, and travelling through different parts of France and Belgium, Hendrik and a brother of his were left altogether to themselves. They never quitted the house and the garden which surrounded it. All the necessities of life were brought in from the outside, and thus the two boys for some time led the lives of two hermits. After a period of some three years spent by them in this solitude, their father married a second time. But the strange education, or rather want of education, of the boys now began to exhibit the natural results. For years they had been to a great extent their own masters, and there had been no one to teach them the duty of obedience. The consequence was, that upon all possible occasions, they resisted the authority of their step-mother; and the disputes which arose in the family in consequence of this conduct, grew so bitter, that it was found necessary to remove the boys from their home; and they were accordingly sent to a school in Antwerp. At this establishment, Hendrik resolved to become a teacher, and to adopt that profession as his means of livelihood. All his studies were accordingly bent in that direction; and perhaps our author might at this moment be wasting away his life in teaching village-dunces the rudiments

of grammar, but for the great political events which at that period began to trouble Europe. The French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and was successful; and the Belgians, animated alike by national and religious feelings, determined to follow the example of their neighbours, and to shake off the Dutch yoke, which, since 1815, had pressed heavily upon their country. Conscience, like other young men, was fired with the enthusiasm of the time. He turned his back upon school and home, and took service in the Belgian army as a volunteer. He saw some sharp fighting during the years which ensued, but never rose in his regiment beyond the rank of serjeant-major. However, if he was unsuccessful in obtaining advancement in the profession into which he had so ardently thrown himself, he achieved some distinction in a different way. After the successful completion of the revolution, it seems that a considerable amount of discontent appeared in the ranks of the Belgian army. Conscience became the poet of his regiment, and it is stated that his verses contributed not a little to add fuel to the rising flame. Strange to say, these first literary essays of an author whose best fame has since been achieved by his Flemish writings, were in the French language. At that period of his life, however, Hendrik had the same contempt which was generally felt for the tongue of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Shortly after this, the Belgian army was placed upon a new footing, and our author, with many others, obtained his discharge from the service. He spent some time vainly seeking for employment, and at length, as a last resource, determined to try his hand upon authorship. He wrote his first book, *The Year of Wonders*—a series of scenes from the days of the Spanish supremacy in the Netherlands. The work, like many other first works, was unsuccessful as a pecuniary speculation, although, in a literary point of view, it met with some appreciation in Belgium. When Hendrik came to settle his account with his publisher, he found himself deeply in debt. Something, however, must be done, if he wished to exist. His father, who had had several children by his second wife, could no longer support him, and Hendrik left his home once more—this time for ever. All he possessed in the world, when he took this decided step, was two francs, and a few clothes tied up in a handkerchief. With a heavy heart, and scarcely knowing what he should do, he bent his steps towards Antwerp. In this city, however, some little good-fortune was in store for him; and he there met an old school-fellow, who introduced him to his father. This gentleman took some interest in the poor fortune-seeker, and, at all events, secured him the necessities of life by providing unlimited credit for him at an inn. Wappers, the painter, also made his acquaintance, and became his friend, and even presented him to King Leopold. This presentation was well-nigh prevented by the very unromantic circumstance of our author's wardrobe being so scanty, that he had no clothes in which he could decently make his appearance before his sovereign. With Wappers' assistance, however, this difficulty was surmounted: the king received Conscience graciously, accepted a copy of *The Year of Wonders* from him, and afforded him some pecuniary assistance. Encouraged by this, Conscience now published a second work, which met with the same unfortunate fate as its predecessor; and a third, *The Lion of Flanders*, which cost its author fourteen months' labour, and brought him in the magnificent profit of six francs.

Conscience now found himself seriously embarrassed in consequence of the want of success of these publications. He began to think, also, that these repeated failures were proofs that he could not expect to earn a livelihood by the pursuits of literature. He therefore

came to the determination of henceforth earning his bread by the work of his hands; and he hired himself to a gardener as a common labourer. In this situation he spent thirteen months; but the close of his trials was at length at hand. His friend Wappers again came to his assistance, and once more called the attention of King Leopold to the struggling author. The result was, that Conscience obtained a place in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Antwerp, which secured him from all want. He now began that series of tales and sketches which have given him a European reputation. His works no longer meet with the fate of his earlier productions. They are sold and read, and have been translated into many languages. For several years, his life has been easy and happy. The author of *Flemish Interiors* informs us that Conscience is married, and the father of two sons. Thus, after all his struggles, we may presume that he is in the enjoyment of that comfort and domestic happiness, for the absence of which even the most widely spread literary fame can afford but a poor compensation.

N O. 19. W.

THERE has been a good deal of talk lately about model lodging-houses for the lower classes; but I think, for my part, charity should begin at home, and that we should first get model lodging-houses for ourselves. Why are there no respectable furnished apartments in the whole of London where Mr Poppet and I can afford to live upon our two or three hundred a year? One first-floor sitting-room, and two tolerably large bedrooms (on account of the nurse and baby), with cooking and attendance, is what we wish we may get for about L.7 a month in vain. Advertise? Well, we have advertised, and with great success, numerically speaking, indeed. 'All the comforts of a home,' 'cleanliness and attention,' 'no other lodgers in the house,' 'no extras,' 'a cabstand opposite,' 'the gratuitous use of a piano,' 'draught beer over the way'—every allurement, in short, that fancy could suggest to the designing mind, has been offered to us for the above price, and lower; but with what result? We have spent the money, and more than the money, I do believe, in removals and compensations for removal.

Once we thought we had obtained a certain status in society by taking apartments where there were 'two members of parliament on the second floor;' but these turned out to be Irish members, who occupied a double-bedded room immediately over our own chamber, and we had no rest for their Maynooth and similarly patriotic speeches for hours. 'Sir-r-r-r,' one would begin, 'I came down to this House to-night with no intention of addressing it; but the tants that have been levelled at my beloved country, the first gem of the urth and first flower in the say,' &c.: after which the other honourable member would 'follow,' as he expressed it, 'upon the same soide, in reply.' One little boy was retained all day in their sitting-room to take down their eloquence in shorthand; and 'hear, hear,' 'chair, chair,' 'order, order,' and 'Mister Spaker' resounded over us continuously until the two senators went down in an omnibus together to serve up their *réchauffés* to 'the House.' The dining-room had been seized upon by two clerks in the city, under pretence of its not being wanted—although they paid only five shillings a week apiece for sleeping accommodation—and the third floor was the residence of three, and the habitual resort of four other medical students. These never came in till two o'clock in the morning, when they would usually insist upon having some hot supper, and come to the door of our apartment to borrow forks and glasses. Moreover, the domestic being fast asleep in some unknown region, Mr Poppet had not seldom to go down and let

them in, because they had a habit of dropping their latch-keys into the letter-box in their endeavours to open the door. Lastly, in the attic of this house was a clergyman, who had resided there for fifteen months without offering any remuneration whatever to the landlady; he, however, gave but little trouble, she said, made his own bed, and lived exclusively upon rolls and Bologna sausages—still it was very annoying. The place, notwithstanding, was not, I believe, more unsatisfactory than others; certainly not so bad as our apartments in Porchester Oblong, for instance, where the landlord and his wife played cards all day, Sunday, being Jews, and their two female servants came up to me in a fainting condition, protesting that we did not leave enough provisions for their sustenance—they being made entirely dependent on the lodger for support. It was upon this occasion that Mr Poppet raised the standard of revolt. 'You have had the choosing of our place of abode for the last two years, my love,' he said, 'and I think I may say without contradiction, that you have chosen them excessively ill. No; I don't regard your going into hysterics in the least; all I have to observe is, that in future I choose the lodgings;' and he took his hat up and went out upon that errand at once. It is unnecessary to relate here how he pitched upon an *entresol* in the Regent's Quadrant, and paid two guineas deposit-money for the same, and never took me even to look at it after all, in consequence of communications he received from bachelor friends; or how he got a most excellent bargain of three sitting-rooms and as many bedrooms in Allsop Paragon, where the landlord wore a peacock's feather behind each of his ears, and went about the house crowing and flapping his arms: suffice it to say, that the residence Mr Poppet chose at last was No. 19. W.

It was situated in a pretty fashionable street, running directly into Hyde Park, where first-floor apartments were, upon the average, three guineas a week. The drawing-room and back drawing-room of No. 19 were elegantly and expensively furnished; the sleeping-rooms, though bare, were sufficiently large; and the rent was only two guineas. Everything, however, was excessively dirty, including Mrs A., the landlady. Her complexion was cream-colour, sprinkled with yellow spots; her hair, which should have been gray, was whity-brown; and the hue of her gown quite indescribable: it neither reached high enough nor low enough, nor was it ever changed for another during our protracted residence in her apartments. My husband informed her that I was excessively particular about cleanliness, for which she expressed herself truly thankful; 'for, sir, I do assure you, with me it comes next to godliness;' and it may have done that, perhaps, in Mrs A.'s case, without inciting her to become of alabaster purity. She promised Mr Poppet to have a good wash out; each article of furniture should be accurately dusted, and everything made spick and span for our arrival. We called a week afterwards, and found seven days extra dirt upon No. 19 and its inhabitants, and were assured that the work of reformation was to be begun that afternoon. We called again next day, when Mrs A. immediately set to work to dust the knocker, as though that were the sole appurtenance to No. 19 still left unmirrorlike and spotless. When, after many injunctions on the one side, and promises on the other, we arrived at last with baggage and baby, as tenants, we found all things in primal chaos, with the kitchen-fire out, and no milk in the house for our beloved infant. Retreat, alas, was become impossible; and indeed we had cut it off ourselves by a remonstrance, ending with a policeman, with the cormorants in Porchester Oblong.

The domestic of No. 19 at that epoch—the first of eleven Marys who trusted for a greater or less time to the empty promises to pay of Mrs A.—was rather a

pretty young person, and a good deal cleaner than her mistress, but so hopelessly stupid, that upon being desired to fetch a cab for Mr Poppet precisely at 2 P.M., she brought up at that hour a pair of lighted candles, as though he were about to conjure, read Shakespeare publicly, or perform high-mass. It was her custom also to put letters intrusted to her for the post into any chink or box which offered itself out of doors, especially any that had *Letters* on it, in the simple faith that that was all Mr Rowland Hill required of her. There was also a Miss A., of ten years old or so, residing at No. 19 with her mamma; but she was a lily of the field, and toiled for nobody; nay, the one domestic was principally occupied in waiting upon her, in curling her hair, and getting her up generally, in order that she might apply herself, in correct drawing costume, to the piano. Yes, Miss Euphemia had a voice, as we well knew—was intended, as Mrs A. confided to me, for the Opera; 'my only objection being, ma'am, that I am told it is not a good profession for the soul.' Extreme simplicity, indeed, would seem to come next to cleanliness in the scale of this lady's virtues, and next to that, perhaps, truth. She would appeal to Heaven upon the very slightest provocation, to excuse her omission to make a pudding, or to account for the absence of sippets from a hash. All day long, we could hear her solemnly protesting to tradespeople and others at the door of No. 19, that she had not got one penny in the house, but that next week, as sure as there was a sun in the sky, their demands should be satisfied in full. She made no sort of difference in this formula, whether we had just settled with her for her week's account or not; and it is my firm belief that she never paid any one of them for anything. I had to go out for the barest necessities of life myself, not even the milkman consenting to send round to No. 19 without the express understanding that the provision was for the lodgers, and not for Mrs A. 'Why, ma'am,' said he, 'that 'ooman might have bathed in the milk I've sent her these last six months, without my seeing the colour of her money;' and certainly he could scarcely have selected a more awful image by which to have expressed his feelings. When, indeed, the claims of her landlord and her daughter's singing-master had been satisfied, I don't suppose that poor Mrs A. had really much money to spare, and, of course, under these circumstances, she could do no less than live upon us. She had taken No. 19 upon spec. of a gentleman (Mr B.), who rented it upon spec. of a certain lady (Mrs C.), who had furnished it upon spec., and never paid a shilling to the original proprietor (Mr D.), who had built the house upon spec., and was now at Boulogne. Neither A. nor B., nor C. nor D., had any money at all, I think, but were entirely dependent upon P. (the Poppets) for existence.

Mrs C. (who once called upon Mrs A. in company with a gentleman in a Hansom cab, with the hopeless intention of getting a five-pound note out of her), by whose elegant, and somewhat expensive taste the furniture had been chosen, had herself resided at No. 19 as long as she could get provisions upon credit, and had been succeeded by Mr D., who had done the same; so that not only was the bell of No. 19 a good deal pulled, and the knocker considerably worked—they came with a rap, but went away without one—but also, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, expostulation, and even direct menace, floated up to the drawing-room floor in ceaseless waves. It may seem strange that we should have put up with inconvenience of this kind for a single week; but the fact was, that Mr Poppet and myself and the baby, had suffered such incredible things at the hands of lodging-house keepers, that we had fallen into a sort of torpor of despair. Therefore, although a good deal alarmed and frightened, I did not rush out of the

house at once, on the occasion when Mrs. A. enticed me into her bedroom in the attics, and there exhibited a chestful of the most extraordinary and suspicious splendours—beautiful laces, heaps of cashmere shawls, necklaces of diamonds, jewels of every sort and kind, to be offered to me, as a valued friend, at what were certainly exceedingly low prices. She told me a strange story of her having once been lady's-maid to a person of fashion, and that confidence having been reposed in her by many females of high rank, they now intrusted her with these valuables to sell for them, they being more in want of the money than the goods, which, however, looked quite unworn and new. It was not a satisfactory account of the things, certainly; but a peril which befell our own goods and chattels about this time, drove Mrs. A.'s secret treasure quite out of my recollection. This was no less than a menace on the part of Mr. D. to put an execution into No. 19, unless his rent was paid. Mr. B., it seems, had been trying the screw upon our spotted landlady with as little effect as Mrs. C.'s mechanical endeavours had had upon him, for a considerable period; and the poor gentleman at Boulogne could make nothing out of his house whatever. We received this information from one of the many domestics whom Mrs. A. had cajoled out of their gratuitous services; and it being further corroborated by the good lady's most solemn denial, I sent off Mr. Poppet to see Mr. D.'s lawyer in Bedford Row. My beloved husband is not very much used to business transactions, and he returned home, after some hours, in a most miserable condition. He had entirely failed in persuading the legal gentleman—who appears to have been rather deaf and excessively obstinate—that he was not B. or some other defaulter connected with No. 19. He said we could expect no mercy after such conduct as ours had been, and that nothing would be secured to us except our wearing apparel. I packed up what little plate we had at once, and took that and my dressing-case, with a moderator-lamp and a brand-new silk umbrella, to a friend's, for safety. When I had done that, and not before, I began to listen to Mrs. A.'s expostulations upon the folly of apprehending such a thing as a distress-warrant in her house, when she had £500 worth of property under the bed in her room, let alone as much again behind the wainscot in the back dining-parlour. I am not sure, indeed, whether her riches or her poverty made us the most uncomfortable. In the daytime, the house was besieged by importunate creditors, and in the evening and late into the night, haunted by mustached gentlemen of foreign appearance, and very much shawled, who had, I suppose, jewellery business to transact with Mrs. A. A magnificently attired lady of some fifty years of age having called upon one occasion, and had a most stormy interview, I animadverted, after her departure, upon the disturbance so respectable-looking a person had created.

'Lor, ma'am,' explained her opponent, 'how deceived you be, to be sure. Now, have you never heard, about twelve or one o'clock, a party a-singing and a-hollering up our street?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I have, and it's very disagreeable.'

'Well, ma'am, now, that party is the same party—the very same;' which information was accompanied by a telegraphic signal indicating that the party drank a little.

I began to feel very uncomfortable in No. 19 by this time; was convinced that people were about the house at night, and sent Mr. Poppet out to look with a revolver, more than once, locking the bedroom door after him very carefully. He, however, manlike, having chosen the lodgings, determined upon the whole to like them; and I don't know but that we should have been there now, except for this.

One day we went out, baby and all, to dinner in the neighbourhood; and while we were enjoying that

repast in the parlour, our nursery-maid received a rather startling piece of information in the kitchen.

'A pretty house your master and mistress have got into at last!' observed the footman.

'Well, I don't know,' replied Sara, who is quite impervious to satire. 'I call it excessively dirty, at all events.'

'That ain't the worst,' said Thomas: '*it's the West End receiving-house for stolen goods!*'

Whether it really was so or not, or how Thomas got to know it, I can't tell; but by the next afternoon we had everything packed and in a cab for instant departure. Nobody had certainly entered the house that morning; but as I raised my eyes, by no means regretfully, to the first-floor windows, without doubt I saw a gentleman standing there, in our own drawing-room, with mustaches, of foreign appearance, and very much shawled. Mr. Poppet wanted to run in again and demand an explanation; but 'no,' said I, 'certainly not. You're sure to see it all some day in the police reports; and nobody belonging to me shall ever cross the threshold of No. 19. W. again.'

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the days of the Regency, men had never heard the maxim that the right man should be put in the right place, and it does not strike us as at all out of character with the time, that Jekyll, the celebrated wit, when asked how it happened that he of all others was chosen to fill the responsible post of Master in Chancery, should have replied: 'Because he was the most unfit man in the country.' Since then, however, the public has grown more enlightened; and though, as we shall presently see, the schoolmaster is not everywhere abroad, at least in the sense which Lord Brougham intended when he first gave currency to the phrase, it is beginning to be thought that aspirants, even to government offices, should be to some extent possessed of the necessary qualifications for performing their daily routine of work with credit to themselves, and without bringing the public service into contempt. Mr. Jekyll, it is true, got through his duties without any notable break-down. Lord Eldon, who had for a long time refused to make the appointment, but who was at length forced into it by the Prince Regent, used to say it was his very ignorance that saved him; had he only possessed that dangerous thing, a 'little learning,' he would probably have persisted in applying it without regard to consequences, but, as it was, he was forced to take the advice of his brother-masters, to whose superior knowledge he had sense enough to defer.

However unsatisfactory this way of getting through business may seem to common-sense people, it is pretty clear that it is still relied on both by candidates and by patrons to a startling extent. We do not know how matters stand at present with regard to Masters in Chancery or Lords of the Treasury; there is as yet, we believe, no examination for them to go through; but as regards the lower ranks, we have the best authority for what we say. The second Report of the Civil Service Commissioners is now before us, and the information it contains appears worthy of general and serious attention. It could hardly have been supposed, nor would it be easy to believe on any slight authority, that out of the entire number of persons who, having received nominations to government appointments between the 21st of May 1855, and the 31st of December 1856, were examined under the authority of the Civil

Service Commissioners, the number so examined, exclusive of competitions, being 2353, no less than 425 were rejected for egregious blunders in spelling alone, or for blunders in spelling combined with blunders in other subjects except arithmetic; that 147 were rejected for arithmetic, either alone or with other subjects except spelling; and 243 for spelling and arithmetic, with or without other subjects. It must be understood that in all these cases the gross ignorance of the candidates in either spelling or arithmetic, acquirements which do not seem to point to an unreasonably high standard, would have afforded a sufficient, or rather an imperative reason for rejection, even had they come up to the mark in other respects.

The total number of rejected candidates being 880, it will be seen, by adding the above numbers, that only 65 were turned back on other grounds, such as insufficient proof of character, not coming within the limits of age, or want of acquaintance with special subjects required in their departments. What appears particularly strange is, that the proportion of rejections increases. The number per cent. in 1855 was 29·5, and in 1856, 38·8. The Commissioners assure us that, as a general rule, their examinations have not in the slightest degree increased in stringency, so as to account for the increase, though they admit that to a small extent it may be ascribed to the undue strictness of provincial examiners, in the case of candidates for the office of expectant of excise. To prevent any possible occurrence of this kind in future, the Commissioners have arranged to send examination-papers from their own office, precisely similar to those used with candidates examined there, and the answers will be returned to them for adjudication, so that candidates examined in the provinces will stand in the same position as those examined in London.

It does not appear to us that any person holding a government situation, even in the subordinate ranks, can properly get through his duties if he is not well up in ordinary arithmetic, if he cannot read manuscript with tolerable correctness, or if his spelling is ludicrously bad. But we should not have felt so much surprise, nor would it have betrayed the existence of so low a standard in the Civil Service, had the rejections on these grounds been confined to such officers as tide-waiters, expectants of excise, letter-carriers, and messengers; but it appears from an appendix to the Report that no less than 198 of the higher class—that is, would-be clerks at Whitehall, at Somerset House, at the Post-office, in the War and other departments—were found grossly deficient in spelling. In transcribing the brief, and by no means difficult, orthographical paper set before these aspirants, sixteen made 16 mistakes; fifteen made 17 mistakes; thirteen made 18; eight made 19; eleven made 21; and the Commissioners kindly provide us with a table ascending in the scale of ignorance, which shews, among other high numbers, that three made 46 mistakes; two, 49; three, 54; one, 68; one, 75; while one gentleman, who was nominated to a clerkship in the Post-office, stands *facile princeps* at the head of all, being distinguished as the perpetrator of no less than 142 outrageous blunders! We can fancy his astonishment on discovering that the Commissioners declined to give him a certificate, for of course he was much too obtuse to discern his own shortcomings. He probably wrote

about his disaster to a former school-companion something after this fashion:

'My dear Charis—I promised to wright and let you know when I wost fixed in the situation were Mr Wisacre our Parliment represtative got me appointed a clarke, but now it his very diffirent intelligence I have to send, for I wost brought up before two gents who began to aske all manner of things and put me to wright down I don't know how many answers. Yet would you suppose it, after I answered all thier questions they refused to reecommand me. I was to had three long sums all full of farthings and I did them all, but I cant tell why the gent when he took the paper should have opened his eyes so very wide. Then I was to put down who defeated the Spannish Armada. Of course I could tell them it was Lord Marborough. I did not learn history for nothing at Mr Muddler's as he knows well enough for he allways said I was a credit to his sistem. I told them all about gui Fawks and that Henry the Eight married Lady Jane Grey, and that the Roman walls in England were built to keep the Tartars out and that the battle of Culloden was fought between the Earl of Lester and Edward the Fourth. I wonder they did not aske the difference between the House of Lawds and the House of Piers, or who were the wigs and the Torys, as though we where not polititions in our town as well as London.

'They asked what was a chief town on the Ryne, so I told them Marselles as you may think. Then they brought a map of England whiout any place down on it, which I wost to fill up. Didn't I do it like fun? The gent said I had done it upside down, but how could that be for I put in all the counties and their wasn't any room left. They thought I dare say that I should be catched, but they were greadley mistaken. I am not so difficent as that comes to, but I know my suspission is write, that they were prepossessed, and jelous of what I new for fear I should take the shine out of thier own freinds. I suppose they must want to keep the vacantey for some of ther own famely, but if they do it is a most purnitious and unscrupolus buisness. It would serve them just write to right to the Times and give them what they deserve for ther infakible riggour, and that is to be made an exampel of. If you should see the paper at the Warrick Arms, just look out, for I'm detirmined to tell pepell what I did and how they served me, and if my letter dose not properley astonish pholispers, patrotes, miniteress, and these gents too with there preduidices and perfidity then I am not

Yours sincerely
GUSTAVIUS CEASAR TUBBS.*

Some curious reflections are suggested by the case of our friend Tubbs, which gives something like an indication of the way in which government situations were formerly filled. There was little, or rather, in point of fact, nothing to prevent unqualified nominees in most cases from stepping quietly into their berths; but how in the name of wonder did public business get on with the Tubbses to take care of it? At least three clerks must have been required to do the work of two, besides an additional superior functionary to correct the blunders of his subordinates. We see, likewise, that the standard of education among the classes who look to mercantile and other situations for a maintenance, is far from what it should be; and that many young men of perhaps fair natural ability may be kept in the background all their lives, for want

* Although this is an imaginary letter, the blunders are really those made by the candidates.

of a tolerably sound school-training in their earlier years.

Arithmetic is another great point with the Commissioners, who say that they find no difficulty in ascertaining the fitness or unfitness of a candidate in this respect. Candidates for the lower offices, such as tide-waiter and letter-carrier, are expected to know the four ordinary rules, besides money, weights, and measures; but the examples set before them are of the simplest character, so that if they fail, it can only be by a most discreditable want of knowledge. 'In no case do the arithmetical questions which are required to be answered, even by candidates for the higher class of junior situations, reach beyond vulgar and decimal fractions, and it is our wish and intention that they should present to the candidate nothing of a puzzling character, but that they should be just sufficient to ascertain whether he understands the principle and is acquainted with the practice in the portion of arithmetic to which the questions belong.' Yet 390 candidates, during little more than a year and a half, were so deficient in this branch of education, that they would have been rejected on this ground alone, even though they had satisfied the examiners in other things.

The third great requirement of the Commissioners is good handwriting, and in this respect they repeat what they stated last year, that they very rarely find a candidate who comes up to their ideal of a good hand, and that, although they discern considerable improvement, they are still under the necessity of keeping the standard of handwriting low, especially as regards the inferior offices. Some departments, however, insist strongly on the importance of good writing, and on one occasion the Commissioners felt themselves bound to reject a candidate for a clerkship 'in an important department,' on account of bad handwriting, although he would otherwise have been successful.

It is only under peculiar circumstances, or in cases of extreme ignorance, that a candidate is rejected for want of knowledge in the higher branches of education. In English composition—meaning by that term, the ability to relate with fluency and distinctness some circumstance with which the writer is acquainted—the Commissioners have found themselves obliged to be extremely lenient. They say that, 'knowing the limited time and attention which is given to the acquirement of English composition in the schools of this country, we have considered that it is only especial ignorance displayed in this branch of examination which could justify us in treating it as a cause of rejection.' This is true to a serious extent: it may be doubted whether a dozen youths out of a hundred on leaving school, could accomplish an ordinary business-letter.

In history, which is one of the subjects intended to test the general education and intelligence of the candidate, the Commissioners have found it necessary to be very moderate in their demands. 'Some cases have occurred in which the display of almost total ignorance of history, combined with indifferent performance in some other subject or subjects, has led us to the conclusion of the candidate's unfitness. And there are also other cases in which a candidate would probably have been rejected in history, had not his case been decided on the ground of deficiency in the elementary subjects; but in no case whatever have we founded our rejection of a candidate upon history alone.'

In addition to the peculiar views of English history recorded in the epistle of our friend Tubbs, there are others not less remarkable to be met with in a note to the Commissioners' Report. Some of the candidates gave such answers as these—namely, That trials of ordeal were employed in the trial of Warren Hastings, and were legally prohibited in the reign of George I.; that George II. is the sovereign to whom the name of the English Justinian has been sometimes applied;

that 'William the Conqueror was a king who introduced many good laws into England; learning and all sorts of science flourishing under him'; that the great plot which was discovered in the year 1678 was the South-sea scheme; that William Wallace invaded England in the reign of Henry VIII.; that the battle of Marston Moor was fought between Bruce and Edward IV.; that in the Seven Years' War the Danes were opposed to the Britons in consequence of the massacre of the former, Sweyn gaining the victory, and being crowned king of England; that the Thirty Years' War was that between England and America; that the Scots were defeated at Bannockburn; and much more in the same style. Of geography, as little seems to be known as of history. The Alps are placed in Hungary, Swansea at Norwich, and Germany in the Caspian Sea. The Thames is made to rise in the German Ocean, and Zante is said to be the kingdom most recently added to Europe.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Commissioners state—and in justice to those candidates who have been successful, it ought to be remembered, 'that great numbers of the candidates who have succeeded in obtaining certificates have passed very creditable examinations, and have shewn themselves thoroughly acquainted with the prescribed branches of knowledge. We believe, too, that we can safely assert that a larger proportion of persons have passed such creditable examinations during this year, than during the preceding period of our existence.'

We are rather sorry to find that the Commissioners continue to indicate a decided leaning in favour of the competitive system. In the case of a competitive examination for clerkships in their own department, they tell us, with evident satisfaction, that twenty-five out of forty-six candidates had finished their education at one or other of the universities, one having been a Cambridge wrangler; and that of the remainder, sixteen were educated at one or other of the great grammar-schools. As an exceptional thing, this sort of election may answer very well, and may do good service to young men of ability who lack interest to obtain an absolute nomination; but if the system were to become general, the result could obviously be no other than that of leading to a disproportionate expense in education, which, in the case of persons of limited means, would operate to the detriment of other members of the family. If competition were universal, it is clear that no one could rely on obtaining a situation of £100 a year if his friends had not been at a ruinous expense in maintaining him at college to learn things which, the examination once over, would make him no pecuniary return. It is not likely, however, that the competitive system will be extended greatly beyond its present limits, so that there is really nothing to restrict our satisfaction at the result of the Commissioners' labours. The public service can no longer be made contemptible by the intrusion of illiterate officials, and young men of tolerable ability and fair acquirements will no longer find themselves thrown in the background by the school-dunce.

Parents and guardians may derive many useful hints from this Report; and schoolmasters will perhaps learn the propriety of giving their pupils a sound practical training in those departments which cannot be neglected without serious results. So large a proportion of the middle-classes looks to public and commercial appointments for a maintenance, that the means by which they may be honourably obtained are amongst the most important of social questions. Much vexation has, we doubt not, been caused where candidates have been rejected on the ground of ignorance, and many families have learned, when too late, that political interest without personal qualifications will no longer avail: but a great public good has been accomplished; and we hope that future aspirants will take the

warning which is so forcibly given by previous failures, and endeavour by home-studies to make up for any deficiencies in their school-learning.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DECLARATION ON HORSEBACK.

FACE to face with my beautiful brunette. Her eyes fell upon me in an expression of surprise. I felt abashed by the glance; my conduct was not *en règle*. I bethought me of an apology. What excuse could I offer for such unceremonious intrusion? Accident? She would not believe it; the time and the place were against such a supposition. With an intellect like hers, it would be idle to adopt so shallow an artifice. No; I would not dissemble; I would boldly avow the truth. Jealousy had rendered me reckless of the result.

'Adios, caballero!' said she, interrupting my hurried reflections. 'Carrambo! where is your guide? How have you found this place?'

'Easily enough, señorita; I followed the tracks of your horse.'

'But so soon—I did not expect you'—

'No; you expected another?'

'Certainly. I thought Cyprío would arrive before you'—

'Cyprío!'

'Cyprío—yes, Cyprío.'

'Señorita! if this be another name for your Protean cousin, I have to say it will be better for him he should not arrive at all.'

'My cousin?—better not arrive? Holy Trinity, capitan! I do not comprehend you!'

Her large brown eyes were rolling in astonishment. I was as much puzzled as she, but I had begun my explanation, and was determined to carry it to the end.

'Then, Señorita de Vargas, I shall be more explicit. If Rafael Ijurra appear upon this ground, either he or I leaves it not alive. He has attempted my life, and I have vowed to take his, whenever and wherever I may meet him.'

'Pray heaven you may keep your vow!'

'Your cousin?'

'My cousin—Rafael Ijurra—my worst foe—the direct enemy of our house!'

'Ha! but were you not awaiting him?'

'Awaiting him! Ha, ha, ha! No. Little timid though I be, I should not desire to be here alone with Rafael Ijurra.'

'Lady! you astonish me; pray explain'—

'Por dios! gallant capitan, 'tis you who need explain. I sought this interview to thank you for your noble gift. You meet me with anger in your eye, and bitter words upon your tongue.'

'You sought this interview?—say you so, lady?'

'Certainly I did. For reasons already known to you, I dared not invite you to our house; so I have chosen this pretty glade for my drawing-room. How do you like it, caballero?'

'In your society, señorita, the rudest spot would appear a paradise.'

'Again the poet's tongue! Ah, capitan, remember the yellow domino! No more flattery, I pray; we are no longer *en masque*. Face to face, let us be candid with each other.'

'With all my heart I accept the conditions. Candour is the very thing I desire, for, to say the truth, I came prepared for a confession.'

'A confession!'

'Precisely so; but since you are an advocate for candour, may I first ask a question?'

'Ho! you wish to play the confessor with me?'

'I do, señorita.'

'Bravo, capitan! Proceed! I shall answer you in all sincerity.'

'Then, lady, what I would ask—Who is this Cyprío whom you expected?'

'Cyprío! Ha, ha, ha! Who should Cyprío be but my mozo; he who carried my message to you. Why do you put such a question?'

'He who carried your message to me?'

'Of course. Yonder is the *muchacho* himself. Hola, Cyprío! you may return to the house. Carrambo, capitan! both he and you must have sped well. I did not expect you for half an hour; but you soldiers are soon in the saddle. So much the better, for it is getting late, and I have a great deal to say to you.'

A light had broken upon me. 'Twas Cyprío I had passed in the forest shade; the boy was the bearer of a message—hence his having hailed me. 'Twas I who was expected to keep the assignation; 'twas I for whom the timepiece had been consulted—for whom those earnest glances had been given! The bitter moments were past, and my heart swelled anew with proud and pleasant emotions.

As yet she knew not that I had come without invitation. Cyprío, at the word of command, had gone off without making any reply, and my prompt appearance upon the ground was left unexplained.

I was about to account for it, and offer some apology for my brusque behaviour, when I was challenged to the confession I had just promised.

Minor thoughts gave way before the important purpose I had formed, and to which the banter now recalled me. So fair an opportunity might never offer again. In the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the chance of to-day should not be disregarded—to-morrow may bring change either in the scene or the circumstances; and I was skilled enough in love-lore to know that an hour unimproved is often followed by an age of regrets.

But, in truth, I do some wrong to my character; I was but little under the influence of such cunning cognizance at that moment. I acted not by volition, but rather under pressure of a passion that held complete mastery over my will, and compelled me to the declaration I was about to make.

It was simple enough—three little words in either of the two sweet tongues in which we understood each other. I chose the one—of all others most attuned to the tones of the loving heart—and bending low to that fair face, and gazing into the liquid depths of those large inquiring eyes, I whispered the sweet, though oft-repeated phrase:

'Yo te amo.'

The words quivered upon my lips, but their tone proved the sincerity in which I had spoken. No doubt it was further manifest by the earnestness of my manner as I awaited her reply.

The habitual smile had departed from her lips; the damask red deepened and rose higher upon her cheeks; the dark fringes drooped downward, and half-concealed the burning orbs beneath: the face of the gay girl had suddenly assumed the serious air of womanhood.

At first, I was terrified by the expression, and could scarcely control my dread; but I drew hope from the flushed cheek, the roscate neck, the swelling panting bosom. Emotions were stirring in that breast. Oh, what emotions! will she not speak? Will she not declare them?

There was a long interval of silence—to me, it seemed an age.

'Señor,' she said at length—'twas the first time I had heard that voice tremble—'Señor, you promised

to be candid; you have been so: are you equally sincere?

'I have spoken from the depth of my soul.'

The long lashes were raised, and the love-light gleamed from her liquid eyes; for a moment it burned steadily, bathing my heart as with balm. Heaven itself could not have shed a brighter beam upon my spirit.

All at once a smile played upon her features, in which I detected, or fancied so, the gay insouciance that springs from indifference. To me it was another moment of pain. She continued:

'And, pray, capitan, what would you have me do?'

I felt embarrassed, and replied not.

'Would you have me declare that I love you?'

'Oh! you cannot—you do not!—'

'You have not asked the question!'

'No, lady. I dreaded the answer.'

'Ho! what a coward you have grown of late! A pity I am not masked. Shall I draw this veil? Ha, ha, ha!'

It was not the manner of love. Love laughs not. My heart was heavy; I made no reply, but with eyes upon the ground, sat in my saddle, feeling like one condemned.

For some moments her laughter rang in my ears, as I fancied, in mockery. The sweet silvery voice only grated upon my heart. Oh, that I had never listened to its siren tones!

I heard the hoof-stroke of her horse; and, looking up, saw that she was moving away from the spot. Was she going to leave me thus?

She spurred towards the centre of the glade, where the ground was higher, and there again pulled up.

'Come hither, caballero!' she cried, beckoning to me with her small gloved hand.

Mechanically, I rode up to the spot.

'So, gallant capitan! you who are brave enough to meet a score of foes, have not the courage to ask a woman if she loves you!'

A dismal smile was my only reply to this bitter badinage.

'Ah! capitan,' she continued, 'I will not believe it; ere now you have put that dreaded interrogatory—often, I fear too often.'

I looked at her with surprise. There was a touch of bitterness in the tone. The gay smile was gone; her eyelids drooped; her look was turned upon the ground.

Was this real, or only a seeming? the prelude to some abrupt antithesis? some fresh outburst of satire?

'Señorita!' said I, 'the hypothesis, whether true or false, can have but little interest for you.'

She answered me with a smile of strange intelligence. I fancied there was sadness in it. I fancied—

'We cannot recover the past,' said she, interrupting my thoughts; 'no, no, no! But for the present—say again—tell me again that you love me!'

'Love you!—yes, lady!—'

'And I have your heart, your whole heart?'

'Never—can I love another!'

'Thanks! thanks!'

'No more than thanks, Isolina?'

For some moments she remained silent, her eyes averted from me; she appeared struggling with some emotion.

'Yes, more than thanks,' she replied at length; 'three things more—if they will suffice to prove my gratitude.'

'Name them!'

'Why should prudery tie my tongue? I promised to be candid. I too came here to make confession. Listen! Three things I have said. Look around you!—north, south, east, and west—the land you see is mine; be it yours, if you will.'

'Isolina!'

'This, too, can I bestow!—she held forth her little hand, which I clasped with fervid emotion.

'And the third?'

'The third, on second thoughts, I cannot give; 'tis yours already.'

'It is —?'

'*Mia corazon*' (My heart).

Those splendid steeds, like creatures of intelligence, appeared to understand what was said; they had gradually moved closer and closer, till their muzzles touched and their steel curbs rang together. At the last words, they came side by side, as if yoked in a chariot. It appeared delight to them to press their proud heaving flanks against each other, while their riders, closing in mutual clasp, leaned over and met their lips in that wild fervid kiss which forms the climax of love.

CHAPTER XLVII.

STRAYED FROM THE TRACK.

We parted upon the top of the hill; it was not prudent for us to be seen together. Isolina rode away first, leaving me in the glade. We bade adieu in that phrase of pleasant promise, '*hasta la mañana*' (until to-morrow). To-morrow we should meet again. To-morrow, and to-morrow, we should visit that sweet spot, repeat our burning words, renew our blissful vows.

I remained some minutes on the ground, now hallowed and holy. Within, the tumult of triumphant passion had passed, and was succeeded by the calm repose of perfect contentment. My heart's longings had been gratified; it had found all that it desired—even to the full reciprocity of its passion. What would it more? There is no more of mundane bliss. Life has no felicity to cope with requited love; it alone can give us a foretaste of future joys; by it only may we form some idea of the angel existence of heaven.

The world without was in harmony with the spirit within. The scene around me was rose-colour. The flowers appeared fresher in tint, and breathed a sweeter fragrance in the air; the hum of the homeward bee, laden with treasures for his love-queen, fell with a dreamy pleasance upon the ear; the voices of the birds sounded softer and more musical; even the *aras* and paroquets, chanting in a more subdued tone, no longer pronounced that hated name; and the tiny Mexican doves—*las palomitas*, scarcely so large as finches—walked with proud gait over the ground, or side by side upon the branches of the myrtles—like types of tender love—told their heart's tale in soft and amorous cooing.

Long could I have lingered by that consecrated spot, even *hasta la mañana*, but duty claimed me, and its calls must not be disregarded. Already the setting sun was flinging purple beams over the distant prairie; and, heading my horse down the hill, I once more plunged under the shadows of the mimosas.

Absorbed in my supreme happiness, I took no heed of aught else; I noticed neither track nor path.

Had I left my horse to himself, most likely he would have taken the right road; but in my reverie, perhaps I had mechanically dragged upon the rein, and turned him from it. Whether or not, after a lapse of time, I found myself in the midst of thick woods, with not the semblance of a trail to guide me; and I knew not whether I was riding in the right direction. I ought rather to say that I knew the contrary—else I should long since have reached the clearings around the village.

Without much reflection, I turned in a new direction, and rode for some time without striking a trail. This led me once more into doubt, and I made head back again, but still without success. I was in a forest-plain, but I could find no path leading anywhere; and amid the underwood of palmettoes I could not see any great distance around me. Beyond a question, I had strayed far out of my way.

At an early hour of the day, this would have given me little concern; but the sun had now set, and already, under the shadow of the moss-covered trees, it was nearly dark. Night would be down in a few minutes, and in all probability I should be obliged to spend it in the forest—by no means an agreeable prospect, and the less so that I was thinly clad and hungry. True, I might pass some hours in sweet reflection upon the pleasant incident of the day—I might dream rosy dreams—but, alas! the soul is sadly under the influence of the body; the spiritual must ever yield to the physical, and even love itself becomes a victim to the vulgar appetite of hunger.

I began to fear that, after all, I should have but a sorry night of it. I should be too hungry to think; too cold either to sleep or dream; besides, I was likely to get wet to the shirt: the rain had commenced falling in large heavy drops.

After another unsuccessful effort to strike a trail, I pulled up and sat listening. My eyes would no longer avail me; perhaps my ears might do better service.

And so it chanced. The report of a rifle reached them, apparently fired some hundred yards off in the woods.

Considering that I was upon hostile ground, such a sound might have caused me alarm; but I knew from the sharp whip-like crack that the piece was a hunter's rifle, and no Mexican ever handled a gun of that kind. Moreover, I had heard, closely following upon the shot, a dull concussion, as of some heavy body dropped from a high elevation to the ground. I was hunter enough to know the signification of this sound. It was the game—bird or beast—that had fallen to the bullet.

An American must have fired that shot; but who? There were only three or four of the rangers who carried the hunter-rifle—a very different weapon from the 'regulation' piece—old backwoodsmen who had been indulged in their whim. It might be one of these.

Without hesitation, I headed my horse for the spot, and rode as rapidly as the underwood would permit me. I certainly must have passed the place where the shot had been fired, and yet I saw no one; but just as I was about to pull up again, a well-known voice reached me from behind with the words:

'Jumpin' Geeshophat! it ur the young fellur!'

Turning, I beheld my trapper comrades just emerging from the bushes, where they had cautiously *caché* on hearing the hoof-strokes of my horse.

Rube carried upon his shoulders a large turkey gobbler—the game I had heard drop—while upon Garey's back I observed the choice portions of a deer.

'You have been foraging to some advantage,' I remarked as they came up.

'Yes, capt'n,' replied Garey, 'we won't want for rashuns. Not but that your rangers offered us a plenty to eat; but ye see we couldn't in honour accept o' it, for we promised to find for ourselves.'

'Ye-es, durn it!' added Rube, 'we're free mountaineer men—ain't a gwine to sponge on nobody—we ain't.'

'An, capt'n,' continued Garey, 'thar don't appear to be any great eatin fixins about the place for yurself neyther: if yu'll just accept o' the turkey, an one o' these hyar quarters o' the deer-meat, thar's plenty left for Rube an me; ain't thar, Rube?'

'Gobs!' was the laconic answer.

I was not loath to satisfy the wish of the hunters—for to say the truth, the village larder had no such delicacies as either wild turkey or venison—and having signified my assent, we all three moved away from the spot. With the trappers for my guides, I should soon get into the right road. They, too, were on their return to the post. They had been in the woods

since noon. They were both afoot, having left their horses at the rancheria.

After winding about half a mile among the trees, we came out upon a narrow road; here my companions, who were unacquainted with the neighbourhood, were at fault as well as myself; they knew not which direction to take. It was dark as pitch, but, as on the night before, there was lightning at intervals. Unlike the preceding night, however, it was now raining as if all the sluices of the sky had been set open; and by this time we were all three of us soaking wet. The whole canopy of heaven was shrouded in black, without a single streak of light upon it—not even a star. Who could discover the direction in such a night?

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel-tracks—deep ruts—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a *carreta*. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

'All right—this-away!' set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

'Wal, yur see, young fellur, it ur the trail o' a Mexican cart; an anybody as iver seed thet ur vamin', knows it hez got only two wheels. But thur are four tracks hyar, an thurfor the cart must a gone back an fo'th, for I seed they wur the same set o' wheels. Now, 'tur raizonable to s'pose thet the back-track leads to the settlements, an thet's this-away.'

'But how could you tell which way was the back-track?'

'Wagh! thet ur easy as fallin off a log. The back-track ur the fresher by more'n a kuppel o' hours.'

Pondering upon the singular 'instinct' that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some paces in the advance.

'I kud a knowd the way,' he said, 'ithout the wheel-tracks: they only made things more sartint sure.'

'How?' I asked. 'What other clue had you?'

'The water,' replied he; 'ee see, or 'ee mout, ef you'd a looked into the tracks, thet it ur runnin this-away. Do 'ee hear thet thur?'

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rough rocky channel.

'Yes—I hear it.'

'Wal,' continued the trapper, 'it ur a branch made by the rain: we're a follerin it down; an thurfor must kum to the river jest whur we want to git. Oncest thur, we'll soon find our way, I reck'n. Wagh! how the durned rain kums down! It 'ud drown a muss-rat. Wagh!'

The result proved the trapper's reasoning correct. The road-water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot out from among the bushes, and crossed our path, diverging from it at an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, that the current, in its general direction, was the same with our road: it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes' brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, when we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the sharp hail of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

'Who goes there?'

'Friends!' I replied; 'tis you, Quackenboss?' I had recognised the voice of the soldier-botanist, and

under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

'Halt! Give the countersign!' was the response in a firm determined tone.

I did not know this masonic pass-word. On riding out, I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

'I haven't got the countersign. 'Tis I, Quackenboss. I am'—

I announced my name and rank.

'Don't care for all that!' was the somewhat surly rejoinder; 'can't pass 'thout the countersign.'

'Yer durned fool! it's yur captin,' cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

'May be,' replied the imperturbable sentry; 'can't let him pass 'thout countersign.'

I now saw that we were in a real dilemma.

'Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants,' I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it.

'Hain't got nobody to send,' came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

'I'll go!' promptly answered Garey—the big trapper thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why *he* should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke, he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

'Halt there!' thundered the voice of Quackenboss; 'halt! another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet.'

'What's thet? plug he sez?' screamed Rube, leaping to the front. 'Geeho Geehosoplat! yu'll plug 'im, eh? Yur durned mulehead, if 'ee shoot this way, it'll be the last time yu'll ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!' and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with *his* piece also at a level. I well knew the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my loudest voice, I called out:

'Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait till some one comes;' and as I spoke, I caught both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard before, or whether in the light he had recognised my features, I saw him, before it darkened, lower his piece, and I felt easy again.

But he still obstinately refused to let us pass. Further parley was to no purpose, and only led to an exchange of rather rough compliments between Quackenboss and my two companions; so, after endeavouring to make peace between them, I stood still to await the chance of some one of the guard coming within hail.

Fortunately, at that moment, a ranger, somewhat the worse for aguardiente, appeared in the direction of the plaza.

Quackenboss condescended to call him up; and after a crooked palaver, he was despatched to bring the corporal of the guard.

The arrival of the latter ended our troubles, and we were permitted to reach the plaza without further hindrance; but as we passed the stern sentry, I could hear Rube mutter to him: 'Ee durned mulehead! ef I hed ye out upon the parairas, wudn't I? Wagh!'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN ADIOS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—a demilune of love, whose every hour was consecrated to its god. At earliest dawn, by the rosy rays of Aurora; at golden noon, shadowed under sweet acacias; in the gleam of the purple twilight; 'neath the silvery light of the moon.

That both laid our hearts upon his altar, and willing

knelt before the shrine, witness ye bright birds and balmy flowers!—ye green myrtles and mimosas!—witness ye blue skies of Anahuac! Ye alone were our witnesses.

For you who have loved, I need not portray the pleasure of this noble passion; for you who have not loved, I cannot. Love is a delight that may be known only to those who have experienced it.

Ours was a half-month of happiness without alloy. True, there were moments of pain—the moments of daily parting—but these were brief, and perhaps only prevented the cloyment of too much joy—if such a thing be possible. Moreover, these short-lived sorrows were in part neutralised by the knowledge we should soon meet again; we never parted without exchanging that fair promise. In the morning, it was '*hasta la tarde*;' at night, our last words were '*mañana por la mañana*.' Lovers have felt, and poets have sung, the pleasures of hope; oft the anticipation of a pleasure rivals in piquancy its actual enjoyment.

Let memory not be forgotten; it, too, has its joys; and oh, how sweet the retrospect of those blissful hours! If there was monotony, it was a monotone of which my heart could never tire. It was an intoxication I could have endured for life. There is no surfeit of such sweets. Why are we not permitted to enjoy them for ever? Alas! there is an ending.

There was so. A crisis came, and we must part—not with the pretty promise upon our lips—'until the morning,' 'until the evening,' but for long weeks, months, may be years—an uncertain time—'*hasta se acabo la guerra*' (until the war is over).

Oh, the misery of that parting! Cruel destiny of war! Never felt I so weary of wearing a sword.

There was a struggle 'twixt love and duty. No, not duty: I might have sheathed my sword, and wronged no one; I was but a cipher among thousands, whose blade would scarcely have been missed. Nor would I have wronged myself. I was simply, as I have already declared, an adventurer. The country for which I fought could not claim me; I was bound by no political conscience, no patriotic *esprit*. Perhaps, now and then, I entertained the idea that I was aiding the designs of 'manifest destiny'—that I was doing God's work in battling against the despotic form. Yes, I may confess that such sparks glowed within me at intervals, and at such intervals only did I feel enthusiasm in the cause. But it was no consideration of this kind that hindered me from deserting my banner. Far otherwise: I was influenced by a motive purely selfish—pride.

I could not—not an adventurer almost penniless—I would not presume to claim that richly dowered hand. Fortune I might never have to equal hers, but fame is worthy wealth, and glory mates with beauty. I knew that I was gifted with an apt head and bold aspiring heart; I knew that I carried a keen blade, and hoped to hew my way to rank and fame. Perhaps I might return with a star upon my shoulder, and a better handle to my name, and then—

Ah, for all that, it was a bitter parting! It was hard to list unheeding to those earnest entreaties, adjuring me to stay—terrible to untwine those tender arms—terrible to utter that last *adios*!

Our troth was plighted within that same glade that had echoed our first vows. It had been plighted a hundred times, but never sadly as now, amidst sobs and tears. When the bright form, screened by the frondage, had passed out of sight, I felt as if the sun had become suddenly eclipsed. * * *

I lingered not long, though I could have stayed for hours upon the hallowed spot. Again duty, that stern commander, summoned me away. It was already close upon sunset, and by to-morrow's dawn I must be *en route* with my troop.

I was about heading my horse into the track, now

well known to me; Isolina had gone down the hill on the opposite side, by a path that led more directly to the hacienda. From precaution, this had been our habitual mode of parting; and we also met from opposite sides. In the wild region of the *cerro*—for by this name was the hill known—we never encountered a human being. There was no habitation near, and the *vaqueros* rarely strayed that way, so that our place of meeting remained a secret—at least we fancied so—and we acted without much apprehension, and perhaps without sufficient caution. Each hour we had grown more confident of security, and, blinded by love, had taken less pains to conceal the fact of our daily assignation. It was only that morning I had heard a whisper that our affair was known, and that they of the *rancheria* were not as benighted as we supposed them. Wheatley was my informant—Conchita, his. The lieutenant had added some friendly advice, cautioning me against the imprudence of going so far from the post unattended.

Perhaps I might have treated his remonstrance with less neglect; but as this was to be our last meeting for a long time, my heart grew heavy under the prospect of the parting scene. I preferred going companionless; I had no apprehension that any enemy was near. As for Ijorra, he was no longer in the neighbourhood; he had not been seen since the night of the battle, and we had positive information that he had joined his band with the guerrilla of the celebrated Canales, then operating on the road between Camargo and Monterey. Indeed, had Ijorra been near, he could hardly have escaped the keen search of Holingsworth and the rangers, who, night and day, had been upon the scout, in hopes of overhauling him.

I was about turning into the old track, when a yearning came over me—a desire to obtain one more look at my beloved. By this time she would have reached her home; I should pass near the house; perhaps I might see her upon the azotea—a distant glance—a wave of the hand—haply the sweet prayer, '*va con Dios!*' wafted upon the breeze: something of the kind I anticipated.

My horse seemed to divine my wishes; scarcely waiting for the guidance of the rein, he moved forward upon the path taken by the steed of Isolina.

I soon reached the bottom of the hill, and, entering the heavy timber, traversed a tangled wood—similar to that on the other side of the *cerro*. There was no path, but the tracks of the white steed were easily followed, and, guiding myself by them, I rode forward.

I had not gone five hundred yards from the hill, when I heard voices echoing through the woods, directly in front of me, and apparently at no great distance. Years of frontier-life had imbued me with an intuitive caution that resembled instinct; and as if by a mechanical effort, I pulled up and listened.

A woman was speaking; and instantly I recognised the voice. There was but one that rang with that rich metallic tone. I might well remember it, for the sweet, sad sounds of the *va con Dios* had not yet ceased to vibrate in my ears.

With whom was she in converse? Whom had she encountered in such a place, amid the wild woods?

She ceased speaking. With ears keenly set, I listened for the rejoinder. Naturally, I expected it in the voice of a man; but not that man. O heavens! it was the voice of Rafael Ijorra!

'COPYING BY LIGHT.'

Many of our correspondents having been unsuccessful in their trials of this process, we now give some further particulars, which they will find of great assistance:—The months of November, December, January, and February are not favourable for copying prints, the sunlight being too weak. Under most states of sunlight in this

country, instead of a *quarter of an hour*, which would be sufficient under very favourable circumstances, the paper may be exposed even to four hours. After the paper has been spread over with the solution, it is to be dried in the dark, say in a drawer or dark room: if dried in the light, it will be useless. One of the greatest difficulties is keeping the paper, on which the solution has been spread, in perfect contact with the picture: where it is not in contact, the copy will be very indistinct. The solution of blue-stone and bichromate of potass must be well shaken before being used. The prepared paper will remain fit for use for a long period, if kept in the dark; but it is most sensitive when fresh. The strength of the solution of common salt should be at least thirteen grains to the ounce of water. The print should remain in the solution of common salt until it begins to turn of a yellowish colour.

THE MOHAMMEDAN LADY TO HER HAND-MAIDEN.

BY CALFEER CAMPBELL.

Bring out the mats beneath the trees
Whose boughs are bright with scented gold;
And spread the softest cushions where
The shade is deepest, and the air
Comes coolest through the white-starred fold
Of jasmynes, welcoming the breeze.

Bring out the lute, whose sound He loves
To mingle with his own sweet song;
Which hath indeed but one rich theme,
Love—a reality, no dream—
A sparkling rosebud twined among
Life's common paths, wherein he roves.

Bring sherbets of the rarest taste,
Where lime and almond flavours blend;
And fruits, so full of juice, the sight
Shall quench his thirst with strange delight—
As dew that with the sun descend
Refresh and soothe the sultry night.

Pomegranates, crimson with ripe blood;
Grapes, purple as the wood-dove's wings;
Guavas, pink and white, whose smell
The palm-tree paroquet loves well;
And mangoes, whose aroma brings
Dreams of his northern fir-cone wood.

Bring flowers—those roses of the east
Whose tiniest buds are drenched with scent;
And Moogra chaplets, white as snow—
And the sweet myrrhy buds that glow
On the wood-apple,* 'neath whose tent
The sportive monkey makes its feast.

The air is rich, that soon shall be
Much richer by His fragrant breath;
Fan me with scented grass, bedewed
With cooling essence—for my blood
Hope fevers, and the *kuskus** hath
A soothing influence on me.

'Tis twilight, for a fire-fly gleams
Amid the yellow citrons there:
A footstep falls upon my ear,
Whose music tells me He is near.—
Ah me! this world is very fair,
And sweet are young Love's waking dreams!

* The blossoms, leaves, and fruit of the *Feronia elephantum*, or wood-apple, have a rich odour, not unlike myrrh. The roots of the *kuskus*-grass, of which mats, screens, and large fans are twisted, when sprinkled with water, give out a spicy and refreshing smell. It is the *citiver* of modern perfumery.